

In a Belfry

On an eminence a few miles north of a town in Alabama stands a church with a belfry. It stood there during the civil war. In the spring of 1862 Dan Harkaway, a young man whose father was a deacon in the church, used to go up into the belfry daily and sometimes on moonlight nights to take a look up the turnpike, which was plainly visible for some miles northward, hoping to catch the first sight of Yankee troops that were expected to occupy that region. Harkaway set great store by this vedette system. He warned his neighbors in time to set their houses in order and put their silver spoons in the well before the arrival of the enemy.

Harkaway was in love with Nancy Durbin, a girl who found it difficult to decide between him and Tom Nolan. One day Nolan overheard some negroes talking together about the proximity of the Yankees, some saying that they would come within a few hours. Nolan thought to get ahead of his rival and climbed to the belfry for the purpose of being first to see the enemy's approach. Harkaway had placed a ladder on the highest floor, to be reached through a trapdoor. By climbing the ladder one could look out through the top openings. Nolan mounted the ladder, and Harkaway, passing below, saw him gazing up the pike.

Harkaway determined to punish his rival for assuming a privilege that he reserved for himself and that night went up to the belfry and greased the ends on which the ladder stood. Nolan thought over the matter of the Yankees' approach and concluded that if they occupied the city they would likely endeavor to surprise it in the early morning before the people were awake. Therefore at the first sign of dawn he entered the tower, intending to watch till after sunrise. He climbed the ladder and, looking up the pike, saw the Yankees coming.

He was about to descend to give the alarm when he felt the ladder slipping away from him. Catching the window sill, he clung to it for a few minutes, then dropped, hurting himself severely. The first thing he did after getting his breath back into his body was to examine the ends of the ladder, finding them greased. At the same moment he heard some one enter the building below and knew that Harkaway was coming.

"I'll pay the rascal for this," muttered Nolan, and, dragging himself to the trapdoor, he put the prop to the trap in a position that one coming into the belfry could scarcely help knocking it away. Then he lay down on the floor near the wall and waited. Harkaway came up and when his head got above the trap saw the fallen ladder and Nolan lying on the floor. Thinking he had killed his man, he withdrew hastily, knocking away the prop. The trap closed with a bang, and Nolan heard his rival tumbling down the stairs. He felt sure that the trap had struck Harkaway on the head, and if it had not killed him his fall doubtless had finished the job. Nolan pulled open the door, crawled down the stairs, passed what he believed to be Harkaway's dead body and rushed frantically out of the church. Harkaway had been knocked unconscious, and when he came to himself and thought of the corpse of Nolan lying in the belfry he fled from the place as rapidly as his stunned condition would admit.

The same morning people living along the line of the pike were awakened from their slumbers by the clatter of horses' hoofs and swinging sabers, followed by the tread of men marching and the rattle of cannon. Almost before the citizens could get on their clothes the troops had passed, and soon the booming of guns could be heard below.

"What's Dan Harkaway?" asked one citizen of another. "Wonder of he hasn't fell asleep in the belfry."

"Tom Nolan, he was a watchin' that, too," said another.

When the excitement had quieted down and the sun shone as peacefully over the undulating plantations as it had set the evening before, the two missing men not appearing, a committee went into the belfry. Finding the ladder down, the ends greased and blood from Harkaway's nose scattered over the stairs, they concluded that the two men had been playing each other foul and doubtless one had murdered the other or both had been killed. But what had become of the bodies was a mystery.

Years passed, and neither Harkaway nor Nolan appeared. When a stranger came into the locality he was sure to be treated to the story of the night the Yankees came and the two young men who were watching for them had been a mutual murder or the Yankees had carried them off as a disputed point.

During the eighties a camp of Confederate Veterans was held in the vicinity, and one day a gray bearded vet stood opposite the church, looking up at the belfry. Another vet came up and asked him what he was looking at. Then two pairs of eyes met and there was a simultaneous:

"By gosh!"

"Harkaway?"

"Heckon, Nolan?"

"You bet."

"I thought you was killed."

"And I thought you was killed."

"I went off and enlisted in the 4th Tennessee."

"And I enlisted in the 4th Alabama."

"Seen Nancy?"

"No. I heard she married a Yankee soldier and went north with him."

"Was, I deader?"

VIRGINIA CLAIBOURNE.

Madrid abounds in slums. There are labyrinthine narrow old streets, bordered by the most uninviting hovels, and from the squalor of these abodes spring the components of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of the city.

CONGRESS HAS ADJOURNED

The Currency Compromise Bill Passed

THE FILIBUSTER FAILS

Stone and Gore Combination Failed to Connect With the Recalcitrant Republicans' Plan of Battle.

Washington, June 1.—The La Follette filibuster slipped a cog Saturday afternoon at the end of its 28th hour. The lapse was immediately taken advantage of to force the vote on the Aldrich-Vreeland currency bill and as a result the session finally came to a close late Saturday night amid the usual picturesque and boisterous scenes, and Congress stands adjourned until next December.

It was nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon when blind Senator Gore of Oklahoma, who had been speaking for several hours, sat down, apparently thinking that Senator Stone of Missouri, would take up the burden. But for some reason Stone was not in the Senate chamber at the moment, nor was Senator La Follette, and the vote which had been made in order at any time by parliamentary motions earlier in the day, was immediately taken. Senator La Follette entered the Senate chamber a minute later, and endeavored by every means and with some show of anger to revive the movement. But it was all to no purpose. The bill was adopted by a vote of 43 to 22, some of the younger and more radical Republican senators from the west being recorded against it.

When the currency bill was once out of the way the rest was plain sailing. Everything possible had been done to grease the ways in advance, so that adjournment might follow in short order when La Follette's movement was once beaten. The Alexander government liability bill was called up in the Senate a few minutes after the currency bill had passed. For a moment it seemed as if Senator Bailey would prevent action, but when his vote proved to be the only one cast against a motion to consider the bill, he declared that he felt it to be a bad measure, but that in view of the majority against him the Senate could go ahead and make a fool of itself, if it chose. What Bailey wanted was a stronger bill. As soon as his opposition was withdrawn the bill was taken up and passed.

Although Senator La Follette was finally unsuccessful in his filibuster, so dramatically begun Friday, he broke the "long distance record" of single speeches in the Senate by holding the floor until 7 o'clock Saturday morning, or an almost unbroken period of over 24 hours. His performance was not a dignified one or brilliant one. He humbled his words in a low and inaudible tone, which caused frequent protests, although occasionally he awoke to flashes of wit. At 1:30 on the motion of Senator Aldrich a recess was taken for the ostensible purpose of permitting senators to get luncheon, but for the real purpose of trying with the aid of the Democrats to call the filibuster off. But nothing could be done. After the recess Stone resumed, but soon gave way to Gore, who made a vigorous and oratorical speech.

It had become generally believed that the filibuster would end under any circumstances in the evening. The leaders were prepared to invoke an old rule against a senator's speaking twice on the same subject in the same executive session. Since La Follette formally yielded to Gore for a brief period had technically spoken twice in the continuous session which had been going on he was thought to be caught in a trap. But the leaders were not too sanguine, as it was learned that the three filibusters had framed up a scheme between them to ask each other "questions." In this way by asking some such hypothetical question as has lately become famous in murder trials, Senator La Follette would have evaded the rule and indefinitely prolonged the filibuster, more especially as authentic word was believed to have been received that Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas was coming to help out.

The Senate as it appeared Saturday morning after the long night's vigil was made up of a lot of crusty and ill-tempered old gentlemen, although they had stood the test better than might have been expected under the circumstances. The usual noisy time, but Saturday night everyone was in correspondingly good humor over the early deliverance which had been prayed for, but none too confidently expected.

The House of Representatives met from time to time during the day for brief sessions. Saturday night there were the usual noisy times, and singing of songs in the House. A "Canon" demonstration was made with such enthusiasm, but the crowded galleries applauded most when Bryan's name was mentioned. In the Senate there was much business. Whirling between formerly hostile Republicans, such as Foraker and Warner.

The president arrived at 9 o'clock to sign bills, and held the usual reception in the president's room just off the Senate chamber.

THE CURRENCY COMMISSION.

Senate and House Members Are Named.

Washington, June 1.—The vice-president Saturday night announced the appointment of Senators Aldrich, Allison, Burrows, Hale, Knox, Daniel, Teller, Money and Wiley as members of the currency commission recently authorized by act of Congress. Mr. Knox is the only Senate representative on the commission who is not a member of the committee on finance.

The speaker appointed members of the commission on behalf of the House

as follows: Messrs. Vreeland of New York, Dyer of Indiana, Burton of Ohio, Weaver of Massachusetts, Bonny of Colorado, Smith of California, Burgess of Texas, and Pajo of Louisiana, Democrats. Of these only Weeks Burton and Pajo are members of the committee on banking and currency.

JAPANESE WHALERS.

Blown Up By One of Their Own Shells in The Whale.

The Japanese whalerman is one of the strangest and most fascinating of the many weird characters to be found among the people of this bizarre race; and the whaling industry, which is carried on very extensively in Japanese waters, furnishes many a tale of heroic adventure, not infrequently fraught with disaster. Among the various facilities that yearly occur, through misfortune or accident, in this dangerous occupation, there is perhaps no single case that can be attributed to so extraordinary a cause as that which recently resulted in the death of several of the men; and it is a wonder that even one survived to tell the tale.

On the 10th of last November a large whale was sighted by the lookouts on the high hills off the coast of Utsun in Corea, and the crews in the boats, anxiously waiting below, were signalled to proceed to the attack. With wild vociferations the little brown men manned their boats, got ready their gear, and hurried in great excitement toward the direction indicated. After some arduous and intricate maneuvering the monster was finally surrounded by the nets, shells and harpoons being fired into its huge body in the hope of staying its frantic efforts to escape. As the great fish ultimately began to wobble, wide gashes were cut in its tough skin through which were passed strong ropes by which he was fastened to the boats. After death his body should sink and be lost. And thus he was towed triumphantly to shore amid the yells of his captors, who softened their tones only now and then by "Joraku" (Joraku) for the repose of the whale's brave spirit, as is the Japanese custom when a whale is dying.

As the tide went down, the body of the leviathan of the deep lay prone, sixty feet along the shore. Then the real excitement began; for the huge carcass had to be cut up and removed before the return of the water. The process of dividing up the big carcass had thus been going on satisfactorily for some time, when suddenly there was heard a sharp and awful sound, like the bursting of a bomb. Instantly the shattered fragments of those who active a moment before lay mutilated and mixed in an indistinguishable bloody mass with the scattered remains of the whale. Others, wounded but still living, lay moaning in agony all around. These were quickly hurried into boats and sent to the Fukuoka hospital, across the strait, with the utmost expedition.

The cause of the disaster, though easy to determine, is yet unique in the annals of fishing accidents. One of the shells fired into the body of the whale during the capture had failed to explode until struck accidentally by the axe of a workman, resulting in the lamentable casualties above recorded.—Harper's Weekly.

England's Weak Spot.

[Dedicated to my host and hostess of Jerez de la Frontera in gratitude for the best luncheon I ever handled.]

All roads of England ultimately lead.

(Mostly by water, which is often rough).

And there a man may buy his every need.

Including all the best exotic stuff.

This thought has cheered me up in many places.

When sick to death of bargaining with foreign rascals.

Take Spain. You want mantillas, brodered shawls,

Or clattering castanets? Why cross the foam?

Why hunt for spoil among Alhambra's halls?

When have our own Alhambra here at home?

Yet there are spots on even England's sun,

And her indifference to sherry wine is one.

Can she provide that potent, pale and keen?

Dear solace of my exile eye and mood?

Or let that liquid amber lave my neck?

Sampled in Jerez where the same was born?

Never of that divine exalting glow?

Can they be cognizant who only England know?

Great memories haunt the traveller fresh from Spain—

Cordova's shrine by Pnyon knees impressed;

The minaret towering over Seville's fane;

Nevada in her dazzling ermine dress—

Precious are these; yet cannot they efface

The memory of a meal for which I still am grace.

Ah! luscious dejeuner and long drawn-out

With ever some fresh tap of mellowed rose.

(Each one a surer antidote to gout):

And then to view the barrels, stage on stage,

Whereof the fumes, enjoyed by inspiration,

Would furnish of themselves a liberal education!

England, you underrated this noble juice!

And let me tell you frankly, heart to heart—

If still, when I have left you no excuse,

You spurn the highest, then we two must part;

I shall elope to Andalusian Jerez

And root a vine, and sit beneath its sherry berries.

—Punch.

The High-handed Courts.

Mrs. Galey (with newspaper, angrily)—It's a crying shame the way those high courts pay no attention whatever to the wishes of the people! Such high-handed proceedings I never heard tell of.

Mr. Galey—What's the trouble now, dear?

Mrs. Galey—Why, in that Fassetts divorce case the court decided the names of the correspondents should not be made public!—Brooklyn Ledger.

A Dreadful Woman.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband. "I thought she was a chatterbox. To whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the fence."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

Who.

It is as well settled as any future event can be that the next Congress will take up the revision of the tariff. There is practically universal acknowledgment of the fact that revision is necessary, and a declaration in favor of revision will be one of the planks in the Republican national platform. Who, from the Second Vermont district, can ever look out for Vermont interests in this important matter?—Col. Haskins, with eight years' experience already acquired, or a new man who, however able, has his apprenticeship to serve and his position to gain. This is a question of the first importance and one which one would consider very seriously when they come to decide about the best way to maintain Vermont's standing in the House of Representatives.—Brattleboro Herald.

A Wicked Conspiracy?

The St. Johnsbury Caledonian goes out of its way to insult the newspaper supporters of Mr. Plimley's candidacy by saying that they have gone beyond the bounds of decent journalism in criticizing Col. Haskins' position to avoid President Roosevelt. The Caledonian then very sensibly calls for fair play and sets the example by downright misrepresentation in stating that there is a scheme to "prejudice the voters against Col. Haskins because he has criticised President Roosevelt." There has been no attempt so far as The News knows to "prejudice" the voters. The Republicans of Vermont are almost to a man in favor of President Roosevelt and his policies. Naturally they resent being misrepresented by the congressman from the second district. If the News understands it rightly, they believe that Col. Haskins' criticisms of the president have not only been unwarranted but extremely unfair, and that the president is a man in favor of the most honest and upright administration of the country which has ever been known. The Caledonian is reminded that Col. Haskins' unwarranted and unfair criticisms of the president in his acceptance speech two years ago, resulted in a "call down" for the Colonel before he left the hall, by a prominent gentleman up in the audience, and that the Caledonian was this another wicked conspiracy to prejudice voters.—Northfield News.

Abandoned Farms.

One hears appreciably less now than formerly about the so-called "abandoned" farms of New Hampshire. The fact is not a sign that all the available farm property which might come under that category, in the state has been purchased and placed in process of improvement, though that is probably true of a very considerable proportion of it. New Hampshire, once scuriously dominated by irresponsible magazine and syndicate writers as a "state of abandoned farms," is now rapidly becoming recognized as a state of homes—homes, in not a few instances, whose owners bought them as summer retreats, but which have proved so attractive as to be occupied the greater part, if not all, of each year. To New Hampshire, perhaps, belongs the distinction of having led off in the movement to call the attention of outsiders to idle lands purchasable at reasonable terms and easily susceptible of conversion into beautiful home places. As a very general rule, this calling of attention has been sufficient; the scenic beauty of New Hampshire hills, lakes and streams, the bracing invigorating of New Hampshire air, the hospitable appearance of hundreds of homesteads, and, perhaps, something in the composition of New Hampshire people, have usually done the rest.

Other states have not been slow to discern the results obtainable from a systematic direction of notice to idle lands. New York, in particular, has taken the matter up to good effect, inasmuch that it is now reported from many that more than \$2,000,000 has been realized by the sale of practically abandoned farm lands in that state in the last year, to people who are expected to make productive use of the property. The experience of New York has been similar to that of New Hampshire in that the purchasers of the farms were mainly residents of cities and some natives or former residents who returned to make their homes again among the scenes of their early lives.—Manchester Union.

Legal Warfare.

"Fellow was raising bees back in the foothill country," remarked Frank H. Short of Fresno. "Plenty of sagebrush; makes clear, delicious honey. Got in a row with a neighbor, shot his dog; saw his barking annoyed his queen bees. Neighbor waited a while year to get even, ploughed up a big patch, planted wild mustard; grew fine. Bee, thick on mustard weeds. Mustard makes bitter honey. Like to ruined the bee matter. Bee farmer came to me, wanted to sue for damages. 'What can I do?' he asked."

"Nothing," I said. "He has a right to grow mustard on his own land."

"Well," said he, "I'll get some scheme to annoy him."

"So he got a cornet; used to sit up from midnight till 4 in the morning practicing 'Wearing of the Green'; fellow with the mustard was an Englishman; stood it for three weeks; went out with scythe and cut down all his mustard. They've been good friends ever since."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Rare Fruit.

She—Did you see this story, George, about the Italian woman who had her speech restored after being dumb for forty-four years?

George—Married woman?

She—I don't know. It seems that when she was a child of seven an old woman who was called a witch gave her a quince to eat, and after eating it she became dumb and remained so until she was the other day.

George (thoughtfully)—I wonder if anybody had the sense to save a few of those quince seeds?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Humboldt's "Cosmos."

Alexander Humboldt's achievement, that of beginning and finishing his monumental "Cosmos" after his seventy-sixth birthday, is perhaps the most wonderful mind triumph in all the history of literature.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pain in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble and have a certain, pleasant relief for Women's life, try Mother Gray's "Astringent." It is a safe and never failing regulator, and relieves all female weaknesses, including inflammation and chronic catarrhs. Write to the author, Mother Gray's Astringent, 100 West 10th St., New York, N. Y. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE

Were The Services For The Late Hon. J. D. Denison

AT RANDOLPH YESTERDAY

Members of Bar, to the Number of Fifteen, Knights Templar, Masons and Veterans of the G. A. R. Attend the Services.

Randolph, June 1.—The funeral of Hon. Joseph D. Denison whose death occurred on Thursday last, was largely attended yesterday afternoon. Brief prayer service was held at 1:30 at the late home on Randolph avenue, the Rev. Homer White officiating, which was attended by the near relatives and intimate friends. At 2 o'clock a delegation of 15 members of the Bar, 24 Knights Templar, 40 members of Phoenix lodge F. and A. M. and 34 members and associate members of the G. A. R. escorted the remains, and the family, to St. John's church where the regular burial service was observed. The Rev. White officiating, assisted by Rev. E. N. Weber, rector of the church, of which the deceased was an excommunicant and a member. Sprague, A. H. Hubbard, Charles Hayward and W. C. Emery, all of whom were Knights Templar, acted as bearers, and the interment was in the Mount Pleasant cemetery beside his wife, whose death occurred in September, 1903. The beautiful and impressive service of the Masonic order was observed at the cemetery, conducted by Dr. F. C. Angell, past worshipful master of Phoenix lodge. The floral tributes presented by his multitude of friends and the several organizations of which the deceased was a member, were elaborate and numerous, all testifying to the esteem in which Mr. Denison was held by his large circle of acquaintances among whom were those who had by business and social intercourse become tenderly attached to him by more than common ties. Seldom is ever has this village suffered a greater loss and his sudden and unexpected departure has cast a gloom over the entire community. Mr. Denison had for many years been warden and lay reader of St. John's church and his loyal and consistent life, both in the church and outside, was a beautiful example of his unflinching faith, worth of imitation by all. He had for years been a member of Phoenix lodge and was also identified with Whitney Chapter where he held the position of secretary. He was a member of the Knights Templar lodge located in Montpelier, in all of which he was an efficient officer, whenever elected and a loyal member. Among those present to pay their last tribute to the dead were Mr. and Mrs. William Skinner of Royalton; Mrs. Nelson Gay of Boston; Charles Woodard of South Royalton and other relatives, Hon. W. B. C. Stickney, Gay and John Wilson, and W. B. Batchelder of Bethel; Judge Stowe of Chelsea; Ex-Gov. Samuel Pingree of Hartford; Sherman Moulton of Burlington; Judge Rowell, M. M. Wilson and N. L. Boyden and others from his legal associates and about 20 Knights from Montpelier. Two dogs were buried with him, John Spring of Nashua, N. H., and Miss Katherine, who was the constant companion of her father in the home. Mr. Denison had also a brother and sister who reside in Denver, Colorado, and one sister who is making a tour abroad, with a party of ladies, and who recently arrived in Italy, none of whom were present at the funeral.

Strawberries Canned Without Cooking. Have your jars perfectly clean and dry, then take equal parts of fresh berries and sugar, and mix and mash thoroughly. To accomplish this, take only a small quantity in a dish at a time, that you may be sure every berry is mashed. Put into the jars, and seal immediately inverting the jar for a short time before putting away. The work is easily and quickly done, as there is no heating. My berries canned in this way last summer kept perfectly and have preserved their delicious flavor unimpaired.

Fighting The Ruminous Iron Rust.

A bitter and disgusted wall has gone up from the farmers of the United States in regard to the miserable quality of the wire fence they are obliged to use. So writes Kene Bach in the Technical World Magazine for June. They can hardly get along without it, but it is most unsatisfactory for reason of the rapidity with which it is destroyed by rust. Of course, this means to them much trouble and expense and they have been making a good deal of a row about the matter, even appealing to the government for help.

In response to this agitation, the secretary of agriculture, Mr. James Wilson some time ago, ordered a special investigation to be made of the quality of the wire fence, the task being handed over to Dr. Alfreton S. Cushman. Since then the inquiry has been earnestly pushed, and many things have been learned which had not previously been suspected—especially in relation to the true cause of the rusting of iron and steel, which is very different from what has always been popularly supposed. The writers goes on to describe the methods adopted for improving the quality of wire and for guarding against rust.

Studies in Statesmen.

An interesting historical article is Carl Schurz's "President Johnson and His War on Congress" in the June McClure's. Of one of the leading figures of the time, Thaddeus Stevens, Mr. Schurz says:

"His face, long and pallid, topped with an ample dark-brown wig which was at the first glance recognized as such; beetling brows overhanging keen eyes of uncertain color which sometimes seemed to scintillate with a sullen gleam, the under lip defiantly protruding; the whole expression usually stern. His figure would have looked stalwart but for a deformed foot which made him bend and limp. He belonged to the fierce class of anti-slavery men who were inspired by human sympathy with the slave and righteous abhorrence of slavery, but also by hatred of the slaveholder. What he himself seemed to enjoy most in his talk was his sardonic humor, which he made play upon men and things like lurid freaks of lightning. At the opening of the Thirty-ninth Congress, in December, 1865 he looked very much aged since our meeting, and indeed in health. In repose his face was like a death-mask, and he was carried in a chair to his seat in the House by two stalwart young negroes. There is good authority for the story that once when they had set him down, he said to them, with his grim humor: 'Thank you my good fellows, but also by hatred of the slaveholder. What he himself seemed to enjoy most in his talk was his sardonic humor, which he made play upon men and things like lurid freaks of lightning. At the opening of the Thirty-ninth Congress, in December, 1865 he looked very much aged since our meeting, and indeed in health. In repose his face was like a death-mask, and he was carried in a chair to his seat in the House by two stalwart young negroes. There is good authority for the story that once when they had set him down, he said to them, with his grim humor: 'Thank you my good fellows, but also by hatred of the slaveholder. What he himself seemed to enjoy most in his talk was his sardonic humor, which he made play upon men and things like lurid freaks of lightning. 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